



LEVIA

OVERLORD OF ENVY

SHORT STORIES ON THE OVERLORDS
OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
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“As one chosen by the Crest, you will take a seat amongst the Overlords.”

“I am honored, Great Overlord.”

Having voiced heartfelt words, I kneel in front of the Great Overlord with my right hand folded onto my chest. Underneath my palm is my pulsing heart. I have never felt it beating so strongly and so proudly before.

“I, Overlord Levia, give oath that I will become the Great Overlord’s sword and shield until the very end.”

“That is good to hear. Now rise, Levia.”

I lift my head as I prepare to rise, and there, in front of me, is my master, smiling at me.

(No... That’s not how you’re supposed to look at me.)

I was about to laugh.

That’s not how it should be, Zeabolos. Not right at all. You’re not wearing an expression fit for the Great Overlord at a ceremony.

“I’m looking forward to what you have to offer,” he says, his eyes brightening with his smile.

It’s a playful smile, the kind you would see on the face of an old friend.



It was raining the first time I met Zeabolos.

My father was working as a lower-ranking officer at the court, and it was the first time I was allowed to visit the Great Overlord's castle.

"The Great Overlord's youngest son is the same age as you. We've been asked to introduce you to him, so that the two of you can be friends in school."

My father and mother considered this a great honor. I didn't really care.

(I'm sure the youngest son of the Great Overlord is someone spoiled and arrogant.)

I had no doubt in the slightest that he was pampered with luxury and praised constantly by all the adults around him.

(And of course, he's a boy...)

I hated boys. The more they did, the more they received recognition. They could so easily accomplish anything they dreamed. It wasn't the same for girls.

"You're a girl, you know?"

"It's not necessary for you to study so seriously."

"A sword? That's dangerous. Put it down."

"Before anything else, it's most important for you to learn how to cook and clean."

(That's not what I want.)

We're not a high-class family. We're not rich. That's why I wanted to study and become stronger. I wanted to bring my family fame and fortune. I just wanted my father and mother to be happy.

I bet the Great Overlord's son has everything I want. Everything.

(He's probably an absolute brat.)

The more I thought about him, the more I hated him. I got so absorbed in my thoughts that I found myself separated from my parents.

"Father? Mother?" I called, but there was no reply. And then I noticed that it wasn't only my parents; there was no one around.

I decided to trace my steps back to the castle gate, where I had started from. I was sure to see others around there.

(But, what if Father is scolded because of me?)

What would I do if Father lost his job because of me?

Is it best for me to just stay put? Or, should I find someone and ask for help? My mind became filled with thoughts.

As I stood there alone, unsure of what to do next, a drop

of water landed on my nose.

"Rain?"

In no time at all, it began pouring so hard that the colors around me became dulled by the torrent. That was the moment.

"Hey, you. What are you doing there?"

It sounds like a child. I look around, but I can't tell where the voice is coming from.

"Up here."

"Up?"

"Over here!"

I finally notice him after the third time he calls. He's on top of a tree waving his hands at me.

“You finally noticed! You, come here!”

“No...”

“Why not?”

I can see him tilt his head to the side. He’s puzzled.

“I don’t want to go up that high.”

The boy quickly swishes his head left and then right. “No, no! I meant for you to go under the tree! You’re all wet. You’re gonna catch a cold like that.”

Oh, is that what he meant? Well, he could have worded it better.

I run towards the base of the tree, while complaining in my head about his choice of words, an effort to dispel the guilt I feel for misunderstanding him.

The hem of my dress is so wet that I can squeeze water out of it. Of all the days it could’ve rained, it had to be today, the day I wore the special dress my mother made just for this occasion.

(There’s no way I can meet the Great Overlord looking like this. I’m sure he’d be angry. My father might be scolded, too.)

This is really the worst. I feel like crying.

“Hey, you. Where’d you come from?”

The boy slides down the trunk of the tree to talk to me.

He’s wearing baggy clothes and tattered pants torn at the knee. The leaves that had stuck to his hair when he slid down the tree look like ornaments.

“Are you one of the workers’ kids?” He focuses his large, clear eyes on me. He’s staring so hard that I can’t look away. His brazen attitude isn’t something I can get along with.

“My father works at the castle.”

“Is this your first time here?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, I know! You’re lost, right?!”

His happy expression as he says that just makes me more depressed. He doesn’t seem to notice though, and continues speaking excitedly.

“All right! Let me show you around then!” He grabs onto my arm and pulls me with him as he begins to move.

“Huh, what?! Wait!”

“I know a lot of secret passages that even the adults don’t know about! Consider yourself lucky, because I’m gonna show you where they all are!”

“I don’t want to know.”

“C’mon! Just follow me! It’ll be fun!” The boy grabs my hand firmly and smiles.

It was then that I saw him face-to-face for the first time.

(A bright smile...)

His pure and selfless smile mesmerized me. I’ve never seen anyone with such a bright smile and such beautiful eyes.

“What’s your name?”

“Levia...”

“Okay! Let’s go, Levia!”

He pulls my hand and takes me through various hidden

passages in the castle. We go through maze-like corridors, and wander into warm guest rooms, saunas, and bath houses—everywhere in the castle—looking for my parents.



“Lord Zeabolos! You’re not supposed to be sneaking around and having snacks right now!”

Tired from all our walking, we were finally caught in the kitchen.

“Ow! C’mon, it’s not like it’s gonna hurt anyone!”

“You should know better! These meals are prepared for your guests, including someone who may become a friend of yours in school, Lord Zeabolos!”

“It’s not like I asked for that. Moreover, this girl here is probably super hungry by now. Look at her. She was all wet from the rain before, too.”

And just like that, he had started talking about me.

“Huh? Well, I...”

As I stuttered, trying to figure out what I should say, a myriad of words went through my mind.

(Lord? Zeabolos? Friend? School?)

I recall being told the name of that son I was supposed to meet.

“Don’t tell me. You’re the Great Overlord’s son?”

I turn my eyes towards him again. Standing there in those baggy clothes, he just smiles at me brightly,

“Looks like you’re all dry now.”

It was then that I had finally realized: he had been escorting me to various dry and warm places in the castle. And, like he said, the water on my dress and the tears in my eyes had dried up by now.

The Great Overlord wasn’t angry at all. I was enrolled into the same school as Zeabolos, and had become his friend.



“Zeabolos, hurry up! The next class is about to start!”

“If only all the classes were about sword fighting...”

“That’s impossible.”

“I know, I know.”

My daily chores involved me dragging Zeabolos around to his classes, because if left to himself, he would almost never attend them. Even after graduating from primary school and proceeding on to middle school, nothing changed.

“I know! Levia, once school’s over, why don’t you come to the castle? Haven’t you been complaining about not having enough time to practice using a sword?”

“We can talk about that later. It’s not even noon yet.”

“C’mon, we can at least make plans. Don’t be such a wet blanket,” he begins pouting childishly. “You haven’t come by recently. It wouldn’t hurt for you to come over sometimes, you know?”

“I’m busy, you know.”

“Doing what?”

“If you want to practice, you should ask Lord Astaroth.”

“But he’s busy with his studies.”

“Good. You should study, too.”

“I’ve got it! You’re training in secret, aren’t you?”

“No, I’m not.”

“So what’s with that scar on your arm, then?”

Surprised, I tug at my sleeves to hide the scar.

“I just fell, that’s all.”

“You’re lying. It’s not like you to be so clumsy.”

“It’s true. We can talk later. For now, we need to hurry.”

With that said, I somehow averted his attention away from my scar.

(As usual, he seems to notice the smallest of things.)

Really, Zeabolos hasn’t changed a single bit from when we first met.

(That’s fine for him, to be the same as when he was little, but not for me. Can’t he notice that things are different for me than they were before?)

Where I stand and where Zeabolos stands are starkly different.

“Look. It’s that girl again.”

As we go through the center courtyard, I hear murmuring that I’d rather not hear.

“Look at how desperate she is to get his attention.”

I try to dismiss their whispers and laughter. It’s fine. I’m used to it already.

“Well, you know, now’s her chance to get on his good side.”

That’s not what I’m trying to do. I wouldn’t mind correcting them, but they’d just make up more stories. It’s best to ignore them.

“Wow, you girls are harsh.”

“Well, why don’t you be nice and sweep her off her feet then?”

“Yeah, I’m sure she’d serve you gladly.”

“You’ve gotta be kidding. There’s nothing good about her.”

“Hey!”

Suddenly, I hear a roar come from behind me.

As I turn my head to look, I see Zeabolos grabbing the male student by his collar.

“Who were you referring to there, eh?! I dare you to say it again!”

“W-What?! Let me go!”

The sudden outburst drew the attention of all the students nearby.

“I may be stupid, but I’m not stupid enough to not notice what all of you have been saying!”

“Zeabolos!” I yell as I try to stop him, tugging at his sleeve.
He won’t budge.

(No! Don’t say that!)

I don’t mind being bad-mouthed behind my back. It’s not like I need to worry about my family reputation or personal position.

But Zeabolos is different. He keeps being compared to his brother, and looked down on for being so different than him.

(I don’t want his reputation to be hurt because of me!)

And yet, he doesn’t stop.

“Why are you saying there’s nothing good about her?! You’re just jealous of her intellect and prowess!”

“Stop it, already!”

“Yeah, that’s right. None of you can compare to her! Levia’s been doing her best, even when no one’s looking! Like any of you would know that!”

“I said stop!” I pull at Zeabolos’ ear with all of my might, and yell into it as loudly as I can.

“Ow!”

“How many times do I have to tell you?! Listen to what others have to say first, before you raise your hand against them!”

“But they’re the ones making fun of you! You’re gonna take that from them?!” Zeabolos glares harshly at me.

He’s really angry, but so am I.

“It doesn’t matter what they say! They’re all baseless rumors anyways!”

“Are you stupid?! Of course it matters! Even if it isn’t true,



it still hurts!”

I feel my nerves snap. Zeabolos is the stupid one here.

(This isn't the time for you to be concerned about me!)

Zeabolos knows everything, after all. He knows that I'm silently enduring their slander. He knows how I constantly bear the sharp edge of their ill will. He knows that it's getting to me, too.

But, I know Zeabolos just as well. He doesn't care what happens to him or what's said about him, as long as his brother is praised or he can protect his friends.

(Why doesn't he try to protect himself?)

His kindness and honesty grips at my heart. Knowing how he is makes it difficult to tell him the truth.

(I can't show him the filth I harbor inside of me. I can't

tell him how much I envy the family lineage of all the girls here...)

The reason I can't retaliate against those girls is because I am guilty of an ulterior motive behind my envy of them.

(I'm envious of the high-status those girls hold...)

Even after graduation, those girls will have a chance to meet Zeabolos on a more suitable stage as potential brides.

I'm envious of them from the bottom of my heart. If only I were born like them.

(I love Zeabolos. His brazen attitude, his haughty front, his kindness... I love all of him.)

I want to become Zeabolos' number one. I know him better than anyone does. But, it's true that, under normal circumstances, I wouldn't have the right to even speak

with him.

(I don't know how much longer I can stay at his side like this.)

I'm sure Zeabolos would tell me not to worry about things like status. But, reality is cruel. Even if I study hard and train myself in the arts of battle, it doesn't mean I will be able to remain at his side.

"Levia, why are you being like this? You keep lying to me! What is it? Don't you like me anymore?!"

I wanted to scream, but I bite my tongue back.

(I don't like you... I love you!)

But, those words will never come out. That is the one thing I can never say, ever.

I won't say it, so that we can maintain our close friendship.

I'll approach you as only a friend.

"Just leave me alone! Stop butting in!"

"Hey! You're getting into my business, too!"

"That's my responsibility! My reason is different from yours!"

"But you and me, we're friends!"

"Things aren't as simple as they seem, you know?!"

"Oh, what? Do you think I'm stupid too stupid to understand or something?!"

"Both of you! Why are you yelling?!"

In the midst of our noisy argument, a teacher comes storming at us in anger.

“Why, Lord Zeabolos! Levia, what’s happened here?!”

“Sir, this is all my…”

“Let me explain,” Zeabolos interrupts me, “This guy here. I punched him, like… this!”

Suddenly, he punches the student he had confronted earlier straight in the face. The poor soul didn’t even have the chance to scream. He hurtles backward, straight onto the courtyard lawn.

“I punched him because he was bad-mouthing Levia! And I don’t regret a single bit of what I did!”

The teacher’s mouth and my own mouth open wide in disbelief. Zeabolos turns around with a bold, wide grin on his face.

“Be sure to call me next time, before you fall and scar yourself, Levia. I’ll punch whoever for you.”

“You’re so stupid…”

It’s the only thing I can manage to say in my astonishment.

(You’re the worst. How do you know me so well?)

I bow my head forward to hide the tears rolling down my face.



“Hey, Levia. I need to ask you something.”

He calls for me! I run quickly to my master, and kneel in front of him. “What is it, Great Overlord?”

“Are you getting used to being an Overlord?”

“Yes. I am doing my utmost to fulfill my duty.”

“Does your arm hurt?”

“Not at all.”

I know what he’s trying to allude to. I smile slightly, and continue speaking: “It seems that there are indeed those out there who question my validity as a bearer of the Crest, but unfortunately, none seem to have the courage to openly raise their hand against me.”

Zeabolos shrugs and lets out a sigh, “I haven’t gotten the

opportunity to punch anyone for you ever since then.”

I chuckle at seeing his thoroughly disgruntled face.

“One time is more than enough.”

“How boring.”

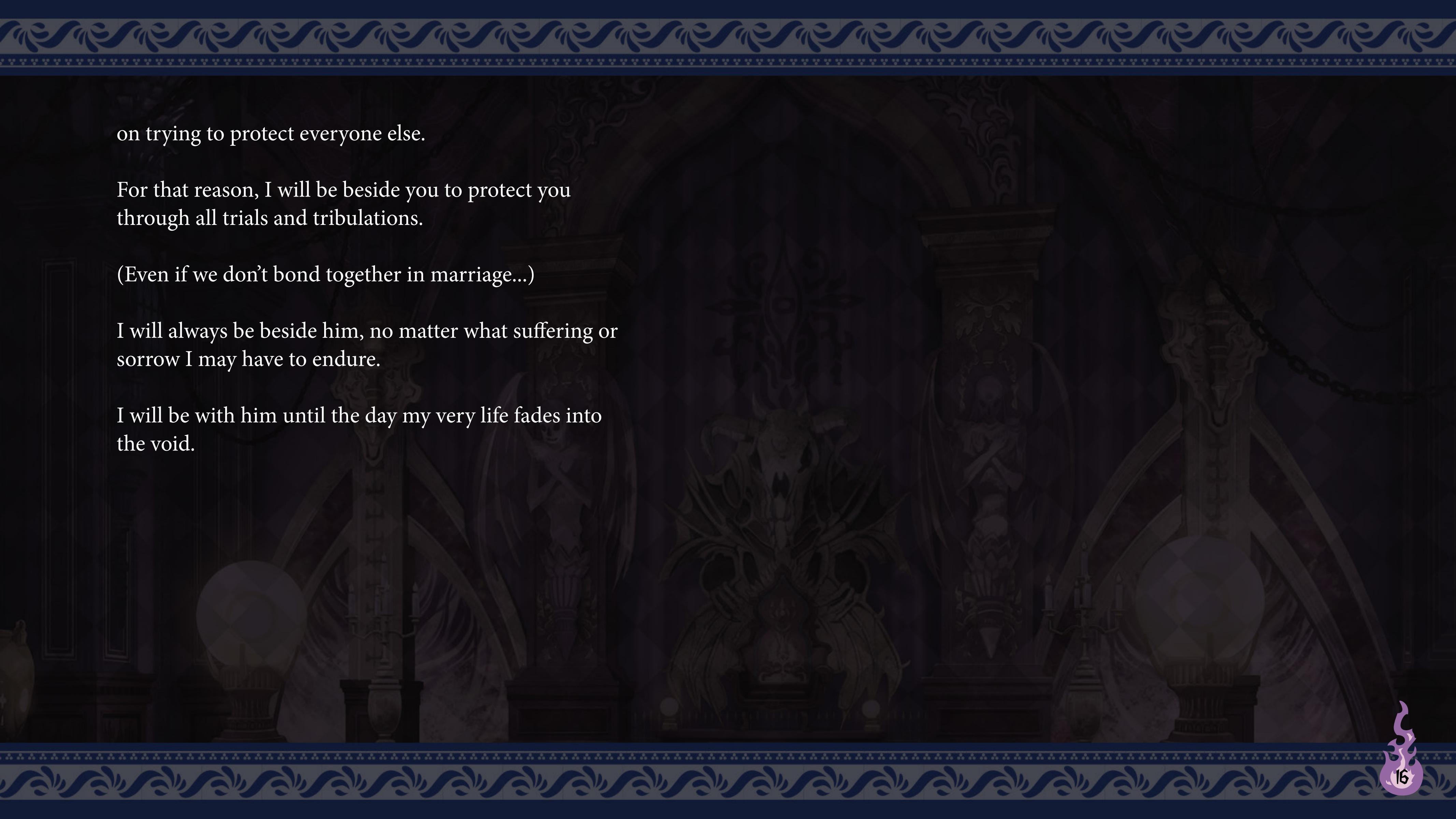
After all these years, his brazen expression and demeanor haven’t changed a bit.

(Even though he’s gone through so much, he gives me a typical response.)

It’s only been a few years since he inherited the throne ahead of his brother. I have heard others questioning his authority every so often.

“I’ll never forget what you did for me back then.”

Zeabolos never tries to protect himself. Instead, he focuses



on trying to protect everyone else.

For that reason, I will be beside you to protect you
through all trials and tribulations.

(Even if we don't bond together in marriage...)

I will always be beside him, no matter what suffering or
sorrow I may have to endure.

I will be with him until the day my very life fades into
the void.

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